

LOUISVILLE EVENING BULLETIN.

VOLUME 6.

LOUISVILLE, KY., FRIDAY EVENING SEPTEMBER 11, 1857.

NUMBER 294.

EVENING BULLETIN.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
PRENTICE, HENDERSON, & OSBORNE,
THIRD STREET, BETWEEN JEFFERSON AND GREENE.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES.—IN ADVANCE.—Daily Journal \$10; County Daily \$8; Tri-Weekly \$6; Weekly \$3; Evening Bulletin \$6 a year or 12 1/2 cents a week, if mailed \$5 Weekly Bulletin \$1.

IN ADVANCE.—5 Country Dailies; or Tri-Weekly for \$25. Weekly for \$12—copy 2 shares \$5; 2 copies 1 Bay \$6; 6 copies \$12; 12 copies or more \$15 each. Weekly Bulletin \$10.

Papers sent by mail are payable in advance.

When the Daily, County Daily, or Tri-Weekly is to be discontinued (paid in advance at the time of subscription for), the subscriber may order, otherwise it will be continued, at our option, until paid for and stopped, as has been our custom.

If not paid, it must be paid at the time of discontinuance, or at our option, if party is good, it will be paid.

Remittances by mail, in "registered" letters, at our risk.

RATES OF ADVERTISING IN THE LOUISVILLE JOURNAL FOR REGULAR ADVERTISERS.

One square, 10 lines a page.....	\$1.00	One square, 10 lines a page, one month.....	\$6.00
Do, each additional in- sertion.....	25	Do, two months.....	12.00
Do, 25, three months.....	12.00	Do, three months.....	12.00
Do, one week.....	2.25	Do, four months.....	12.00
Do, two weeks.....	5.00	Do, six months.....	12.00
Do, three weeks.....	5.00	Do, twelve months.....	25.00
Standing card, four lines or less, per annum.....	\$15.00		
One square, changeable weekly, per annum.....	40.00		
Do, do, two times per week per annum.....	60.00		
Do, do, three times do do 100.00			
Each additional square, one-line insertion above prices of advertisements, \$1.00 for first insertion and 60 cents for each subsequent one.			
Announcing Candidates—\$1 per week for each name.			
Advertisement not marked will be inserted one month and payment exacted.			
Editorial notices and communications, inserted in editorial columns and intended to promote private interests, 20 cents per line; these only inserted at the discretion of the editors.			
No communication will be inserted, unless accompanied by the real name of the author.			
Steamboat advertisements—25 cents for first insertion and 12 1/2 cents for each subsequent change considered a new advertisement. Standing advertisements for regular packets for a season of not over six months, \$12 for one boat, and \$6 for each additional boat.			
Advertisement inserted only in the Evening Bulletin will be charged half the above prices; if inserted in Daily Journal and continued, after first insertion, in the Evening Bulletin, the same will be charged at the rate of 10 cents for each continuance.			
Advertisements kept on the inside of the Journal are charged an extra price.			
ADVERTISING RATES.—IN WEEKLY JOURNAL.—Each square (16 lines or less) first insertion.....	\$1.00		
Each continuance.....	5.00		
Advertisement continued in the Weekly Journal, will be charged for at the rate of 10 cents for each continuance; if not continued in Weekly Journal 20 cents.			
Written notice must be given to take out and stop ad- vertisements of yearly advertisers before the year expires, otherwise they will be discontinued.			
No contract for yearly advertisements will be discontinued without previous notice to us, nor will any charge be made for less than one year at the yearly rates.			

FRIDAY, SEPT. 11, 1857.

THE RECEIPTS OF THE NATIONAL FAIR—Floral Hall—A Proposition.

It is now evident that the outlay made for the fair of the U. S. Agricultural Society exceeds the receipts by from \$3,000 to \$5,000. The material on the grounds of the S. W. Agricultural Society will probably be sold, with other materials on the premises, at public auction, for enough to make up the deficit, and the guarantors will not be called on, we presume. No one would be willing to see the beautiful hall sold and taken down; yet the Southwestern Agricultural and Mechanical Association could not prudently buy it, because they are in debt.

When this hall was projected, it was with a sort of understanding with some of the officers of the Kentucky Horticultural Society, that if a necessity arose, that Society would make some proposition to the S. W. A. Association for a joint ownership and control of the hall. If such an arrangement can be made to the mutual advantage of the Societies, it should be done at once, as the money must be forthcoming without delay. We will throw out some hints for the consideration of parties interested, which, we fancy, if followed out, would make the hall a permanent source of revenue and interest.

Let the Kentucky Horticultural Society receive life members by the payment in cash of \$30, for all not already members of the S. W. A. & M. Association, the members of the latter Society paying but \$10 for the life membership. Let the books be closed as soon as the amount necessary to purchase the hall is obtained—and let the two boards agree upon some plan by which members should be granted privileges equivalent to their payment; say, for instance, that the hall be placed under the keeping and control of the Kentucky Horticultural Society, which should agree to compose their executive board and other officers of such only as were members of both Societies. Let life members of both Societies have access to both the grounds and the hall, and to compete for premiums in the hall without extra charge.

The members of the Association, not members of the Kentucky Horticultural Society, to pay an entrance and admittance fee, in common with other members, to the hall. The members of the Horticultural Society to pay an entrance fee to the grounds, but to have free access to the hall. By this or some similar arrangement the beautiful hall could be made a feature of increasing interest and profit. The galleries might be converted into a museum of such articles as seemed appropriate, and the revenue of both Societies be placed on a permanent basis.

We throw out these hints now because we know that the guarantors would much prefer a small assessment to seeing the hall removed; but still more willingly, we think, they would contribute voluntarily for a consideration such as this arrangement would confer. We hope this or some other plan will be adopted to save the hall. Who will move in it? If anything is done, it must be done promptly.

DEDICATION OF THE HOUSE OF ISRAEL.

The new Jewish synagogue on Green, between First and Second streets, was dedicated yesterday with the solemn and imposing services incident to the occasion.

A sermon was preached in English from the text: "This is the house of God and the very gate of Heaven." It was able, religious, and patriotic throughout.

The attendance was large, and the interest in the

success of the new enterprise all-pervading. It is a

good evidence of the prosperity of our Jewish popula-

tion that their numbers demand two places of wor-

ship in our city.

The new synagogue is a handsome building, and

yesterday was beautifully decorated with flowers,

evergreens, &c.

FAIR.—The first exhibition of the North Kentucky

Agricultural and Mechanical Association will be

held on the grounds of the Society, near Mayfield,

commencing on Tuesday, October 13th, and to con-

clude four days.

EFFECTS OF THE INDIA NEWS.

—Advices by the

Arago at New York report that saltpetre at London

had further advanced five shillings per cwt., in con-

sequence of the India news, which is regarded as

unfavorable. Indigo was also higher.

Listen to these exquisitely sweet tones from the fairy young minstrel-girl of the South:

[For the Louisville Bulletin.]

SING THY SONG, PRETTY BIRD.

Sing thy song, pretty bird! sing thy song to the May, But touch not the bud on that delicate spray;

Though fair it may be, there's a drop in its core

Would silence thy song ever—more—ever—more.

Fly away, pretty bird, while there's strength in thy wing,

But touch not the lips of that beautiful thing;

Turn away, turn away from that bud on the vine—

'Twas pity to darken an eye bright as thine.

Bound away, spotted fawn is thy home on the hill,

Though thy lips are thirst for you beautiful rill;

The bubbles that start at thy quick panting breath

Will bring thee a thirst that is quenched but in death.

Bound away, pretty fawn! sooner trust to the dart

The huntsman may aim at thine innocent heart,

For lips warm and eager as thine, pretty deer,

Have tasted of death in that streamlet so clear.

Come rest, little child! from the flush on thy face,

The butterfly led thee a wearisome chase!

It sported awhile 'neath the sun's blue sky,

And left thee poor child, with a tear in thy blue eye;

Believe me, the spots on that beautiful thing

Are brighter by far when they're viewed on the wing;

One brush of thy hand had forever removed

A thing made to look at, but not to be loved.

GLENDA, I.A. SALLIE ADA REEDY.

—The New York Commercial Advertiser, in the

course of some judicious remarks on the subject of

denaturalization, takes occasion to administer a very

groundless and unmerit worthy rebuke to Gen. Walker.

Alluding to preceding observations, it says:

We refer the reader to the case of Gen. Walker, and his followers, all of whom violated their

country who were not citizens of their country, and deserted from their country—in the vain hope of

acquiring citizenship and a home in Nicaragua, and failing in that expectation, returned to the United States and claim all the rights of citizenship as though there had been no such thing as a national allegiance. The

real case of Walker himself is still more remarkable,

inasmuch as his repudiation of citizenship in the United

States was legally complete.

Now, so far as we are informed, Gen. Walker, up

to this time, has not claimed all or any of his rights

of citizenship here. On the contrary, from the mo-

ment he first landed at New Orleans to the present,

he has uniformly represented himself not only as a

citizen of Nicaragua, but as the rightful President

of that republic, and, however unwisely, has sedu-

lously devoted his days and nights to the means of

enforcing his claims to the rights and immunities of

both positions. It is understood, that, having orga-

nized the necessary means, he is even now on the

point of embarking with this view for his adopted

country. Certainly he has no thought of re-nationalizing himself. The Advertiser's spleen has

colored its usually clear judgment.

—For the honor of the editorial brotherhood and

for other reasons, we sincerely hope that Mr. James

O. Brayman, assistant editor of the Chicago Demo-

ocrat, may be able to prove his innocence of the

crime, with which he stands charged, of having

stolen letters and money from the Chicago post-of-

fice. At the same time, we wish, for the honor of the

editorial brotherhood, that strict justice may be

done in this very remarkable case.

A day or two ago, our eye, by the merest chance,

lighted upon this paragraph in the Louisville Jour-

nal of October 14th:

We were mistaken in supposing that Mr. Braman, as

assistant editor of the Louisville Advertiser, was the Mr. Bra-

man who perpetrated the notorious forgery at Colum-

bus. We then, take pleasure in retracting the insinua-

tion we made yesterday.

We have no recollection now as to the character

of the alleged forgery at Columbus, and we certain-

ly do not know what Mr. Braman it was that was

charged with the perpetration of it.

—A few gentlemen, however, some of the leading mer-

chants of Buffalo, waited upon Mr. Rankin at his hotel,

and one of them, in a few remarks, presented him, on be-

half of himself and others, with a purse of money for the

purchase of a gold watch, as a testimonial of their esteem

and friendship. Mr. Rankin was deeply touched at this,

but, however, turned it down, for he sincerely appreciated it,

the high value of which he did not then know.

We commend Buffalo to the attention of the missionary

societies.—CINCINNATI ENQUIRER.

The Enquirer's reflection upon Buffalo is

EVENING BULLETIN.

FRIDAY EVENING, SEPT. 11, 1857.

TAKING THE NUMBER OF THE STARS.—A most magnificent and interesting work is now being issued at Paris, a complete map of the heavens, so far as our knowledge goes, prepared under the auspices of the Imperial Observatory. It is to consist of sixty-five plates, each one of which indicates the position of 25,595 stars of the third magnitude, or 1,659,126 in all. The eighteenth plate, now finished, was recently presented to the Academy of Sciences by M. Leverrier, where it excited immense admiration.

CALIFORNIA RISKS.—A California correspondent of the Fall River Star says, in reference to that State: "This is a great country! A man can live here about as fast as the law allows, and some take the liberty of living considerably faster; for which they are liable to the accident of being hung if they do business in a small way, and the risk of a nomination for Governor or Senator, &c., if they go it on the large. I am rather cautious and shall endeavor to avoid the last chance."

BRANDY FROM THE CHINESE SUGAR CANE.—A correspondent of the New York Post sends to that paper a sample of very good brandy made from the syrup of the above named plant, and says that it costs about thirty cents per gallon to produce and is worth in the market from \$1 to \$2 per gallon, according to quality. He suggests that the growth of this crop will enable the farmers to manufacture the spirit in the winter season, when they have no other occupation. They can make a gallon of proof spirit for each gallon of fermented syrup, and it will find a ready sale at the rectifiers, who will turn it into alcohol for camphene and other uses. The writer adds:

The quantity of alcohol now used for purposes of illumination alone, to say nothing of varnishes, chloroform, and medicinal extracts, is enormous, and was beginning to have a serious effect on the price of bread, owing to the wholesale destruction of cereals required to produce it. Now, however, we have found a substitute, which, besides supplying syrup and alcohol, will also yield from the same crop a large amount of forage and grain for the fattening of stock.

THE LOST CABLE.—A late English paper has the following: "Aug. 21—496 and 450 fathoms of an electric telegraph cable, belonging to the Atlantic Telegraph Company, were picked up on the 8th and 12th of August, in Queenstown harbor."

It was noticed that, in laying the cable, the continuity of the electric current was, by some means at present unknown, temporarily destroyed. Lieutenant Brooke, U. S. N., well known as the inventor of an instrument for deep-sea soundings, offers the following explanation of the phenomenon:

The conducting wires broke; the gutta percha, stretching with the outer wires, drew the broken ends apart, and continuity was then interrupted. But when that portion of the cable approached the bottom it became slack. "The cable will be deposited in waves upon the bottom." Then the gutta percha, relieved of the strain, by virtue of its elasticity contracting, drew the broken, separated ends of the conducting wires together, and continuity was reestablished. This reestablishment of continuity is a striking proof of the fact that the conducting wires were broken, while the gutta percha remained unharmed. Had it not been reestablished the interruption would have been generally attributed to abrasion of the gutta percha, and the error of construction would have remained unexposed.

THE GREATEST STEAM INVENTION YET.—The Baton Rouge Gazette, under the above heading, has the following:

Wm. St. Martin, of this city, has invented an engine which can be constructed, boiler and all, for about \$50. The machine is so simple that we might with propriety say it is merely an escape pipe, taking up no more room. The steam is admitted into the centre of a drum or cylinder, in which the shaft works; from this power is applied directly without further friction. The other day we saw the perfect model of the engine pumping water about 20 feet and throwing it into a reservoir at the brewery. This is the apparatus wanted for getting in a cheap manner one or two horse power to drive small machinery. Mr. St. Martin has made application for letters patent, and when he gets them we think he has a fair prospect ahead to realize something from the result of his genius.

PARLOR FISH PONDS.—A New Man.—Among the educated people of Great Britain, within the last four or five years, an almost universal taste has been awakened for the study of marine plants and animals, a department of knowledge before comparatively unexplored. So fashionable has the study become that one can hardly enter a parlor in the refined and cultivated society of London without seeing an aquarium, or, in other words, a glass case or tank of salt water, containing a collection of living and growing curiosities of the sea, representatives of organic and inorganic nature. This pursuit is of quite a recent date. It is not long since the inquiries of the less scientific students in this department of natural history were satisfied by the dried collections and classification of sea-weeds in their herbariums, or by museums of shells and corals. They seemed disposed to rest satisfied with the discovery that the corals were not vegetables, and as for shells, they manifested but little interest, preferring to classify the stony domiciles rather than to investigate the habits of the creatures within them. The labors, however, of a few enthusiastic popular writers like Gosse, Prof. Harvey, Rev. Charles Williams, Charles Kingsley, and Neal Humphreys have inspired a new interest in this subject. N. Y. Eccl. Rec.

THE LITERATE MEN OF FRANCE.—Call the roll of the "young men of 1830" and ask where they are? De Balzac is dead—coffee killed him. Frederick Soulie is dead, the victim of coffee and licentiousness. Eugene Briffaut died a madman in the Charleville Lunatic Asylum. Granville went mad, and breathed his last in a private insane house. Lassally died at the Charenton mad house, a raving lunatic. Lowe Weimers died from opium eating and licentiousness. Babbe, after suffering agony from a loathsome disease, took poison to end his prolonged torture. Alfred D. Musset died a victim to the talents and the cigar. Count Alfred d'Orsay was killed by the cigar and licentiousness. Charles de Bernard died from coffee and women. Hippolite Royer Collard died from tobacco and coffee. Gerard de Nerval, after oscillating between plenty and want, abstemiousness and licentiousness, went mad and hung himself. All died of softening of the brain or spinal marrow, or swelling of the heart! All moved down in the prime of life—in the meridian of their intellect and fame.—Correspondence Boston Traveller.

NEW CLOCKS AT THE CITY HALL.—The eleven clocks which are hereafter to furnish correct time in the City Hall, regulated, through electric apparatus, by a clock in the Mayor's office, were yesterday set upon their niches in the rooms of the various departments. The frame of each clock is about two feet in diameter. The dials are white, with black lettering, and the inscription, "Hall's Patent, Sept. 26, 1854, manufactured by Charles T. and J. N. Chester, New York." There is no machinery behind the face, the movement of the hands being effected by that of the clock in the Mayor's office. These clocks will enter upon the duties of their stations this morning. Those who desire correct time will do well to consult them. Similar clocks will soon be placed in the other public buildings in the Park.

"What family have you?" asked the judge of the county court, at Stockton, the other day of a debtor against whom he was about to pronounce judgment. "Myself, wife, and a bullock pup," was the reply.

SOPHIE LYNN.

"Men are never so awkward, never so ungraceful, never so disagreeable, as when they are making love. A friend is a luxury—a husband ditto, I suppose; but that intermittent class of human beings denominated 'lovers' are terrible bores. It does very well for a woman to blush and look flustered now and then, when some occasion makes it desirable; but to see a man, with his face as red as a ripe cherry, and a real parcel of strong-mindedness, self-reliance, and masculine dignity, done up in broadcloth and starched linen, quaking from the toe of his boot to the top of his shirt-collar, his mouth awry, and his tongue twisted into convulsions, in the vain attempt to say something sweet—O gracious!"

So said saucy Sophie Lynn aloud to herself, as she sat swinging backwards and forwards before her window, half buried in the cushions of a luxurious arm-chair, and playing with a delicate ivy fan that lay upon her lap.

"It always seems so strange, not to say tiresome," she continued, with a running, musical laugh, "after one has waltzed and sung, quoted poetry and talked nonsense with anybody, till one is puzzled to know which of the two is most heartless, one's self or one's companion, to hear him come plump down on the subject of matrimony, as though that was the legitimate result of every such insipid acquaintanceship! For my part I never had a lover (here Sophie fluttered her fan and looked pleased for she had more than one), that I wasn't literally sick of after he had proposed. There was Captain Morris—I thought him the handsomest man in my whole circle of acquaintances, until he went on his knees to me, and swore he should die if I didn't take pity on him. Somehow he always looked like a fright to me afterwards. Then there was Dr. Wilkins—he was really agreeable, and people said very learned. I was delighted with him for a time; but he spoiled it all with that offer of his—what long-winded adjectives!—and how the poor fellow blushed, and puffed, and perspired! He called me an 'adorable creature,' and hiccuped in the middle of adorable. Horrors! I've detected him ever since. Then there was a—"

Here Sophie started. She heard the door-bell ring. With a nervous spring she stood before her mirror, smoothing down her brown hair with a hasty truly comical.

"I won't do to seem interested," she said as she took a finishing survey of her person in the glass, and shook out, with her plump, jeweled fingers, the folds of her airy muslin dress.

The moment afterwards, when a servant entered to announce Mr. Harry Ainslee, she was back on her old seat by the window, rocking and playing with her fan, apparently as unconcerned and listless as though that name had not sent a quicker thrill to her heart, or the betraying crimson all over her pretty face. "Tell him I will be down presently," she said.

Sophie disappeared, and Sophie flung open her window, that the cool, fresh wind might fan away the extra rosiness from her complexion. Then she went again to the mirror, and, after composing her bright, eager, happy face into an expression of demureness, descended to the parlor. A smile broke over her features, and she reached out both hands to her guest; but, as if suddenly recollecting herself, drew them back again, and, with a formal bow of recognition, she passed him, and seated herself in a further corner of the room.

It was very evident that something was wrong with Sophie; that she had made up her mind either not to be pleased or not to please. Could it be that she had foreseen what was coming? that a presentiment of that visit and its result had dictated the merry speech in her chamber? Be that as it may, a half-hour had not elapsed before she knew that Harry Ainslee's hand and fortune (which latter, by the way, was nothing wonderful) were in the same place where Captain Morris's and Dr. Wilkins's had been before them.

"The first man that I ever heard say such things without making a fool of himself," muttered Sophie emphatically from behind her fan, as she sat blushing, and evidently gratified, yet without deigning any reply to the gallant, straightforward speech in which her lover had risked his all of hope.

"He ought to do penance for the pretty way he manages his tongue. He's altogether too calm to suit me!" And Sophie shook her curly head meaningfully, holding her fan before her for a instant—did she forget what she had been saying? "I wonder if I could snore the way old Uncle Jones used to in church!" she soliloquised. "Wouldn't it be fun?—and wouldn't it plague Harry if he thought I had been asleep while he was talking?"

Sophie's blue eyes danced with suppressed merriment as she gave two or three heavy breathings, and followed them up with a nasal explosion worthy of an orthodox deacon. It was well done—artistically done; and poor Harry sprang bolt upright—surprised, mortified, chagrined. Human nature could stand it no longer, and Sophie gave vent to her mirth in a burst of triumphant laughter.

"You little witch—you mischief—you spirit of evil!" exclaimed that relieved Harry, as he sprang to her side and caught her by the arm with a grip that made her scream. "You deserve a shaking for your behavior!" Then lowering his voice, he added gravely, "Will you never have done tormenting me? If you love me, you can not be generous enough to tell me so? and if you do not, I am not at least, worthy of so candid refusal?"

Words sprang to Sophie's lips that would have done credit to her womanly nature and made her lover's heart bound with rapture; for the whole depths of her being were stirred, and drawn toward him as they never before had been to any man. But she could not quite give up her rillery then. She would go one step further from him ere she laid her hand on him, and told him he was dearer than all the world beside. So she checked the tender response that trembled on her tongue, and flinging off his grasp with a mocking gesture and a ringing laugh, danced across the room to the piano.

She seated herself, she ran her fingers gracefully over the keys, and broke out in a wild, brilliant, dashing song, that made her listener's ear tingling as he stood watching her, and choking back the indignant words that came crowding to his lips for utterance.

"Sophie, listen to me!" he said at length, as she paused from sheer exhaustion. "Is it generous it is just, to trif with me so—to turn into ridicule the emotions of a heart that offers you most reverent affections? I have loved you, because under this volatile, surface-character of yours I thought I saw truthfulness and simplicity, purity of soul, and a warm current of tender, womanly feeling, that would bathe with blessings the whole life of him whose hand was fortunate enough to touch its secret springs. You are an heiress, and I only a poor student; but if that is the reason why you treat my suit so scuriously, you are less than the noble woman that I thought you."

Sophie's head was averted, and a suspicious moisture glistened in her eyes as Harry ceased speaking. Aha! why is it that we sometimes hold our highest happiness so lightly—carrying it carelessly in our hands as though it were but dross, and staking it all upon an idle caprice!

When she turned her countenance towards him again, the same mocking light was in her eyes, the same coquettish smile wreathed her red lips.

"Speaking of heiresses," said Sophie, "there's Helen Myrtle, whose father is worth twice as much as mine. Perhaps you had better transfer your attentions to her, Mr. Ainslee. The difference in our dowries would no doubt be quite an inducement, and possibly she might consider your case more seriously than I have done."

Like an insulted prince, Harry Ainslee stood up before her—the hot, fiery, indignant blood dashing in a fierce torrent over his face—his arms crossed tightly upon his breast, as if to keep his heart from bursting with its uprising indignation—his lips compressed and his dark eyes flashing. Sophie, cruel Sophie! You added one drop too much to your cup of sarcasm. You trespassed upon his forbearance one little step further than you would have dared had you known his proud, sensitive nature.

A mutual friend, resolving to bring them together, got up a dinner party, to which the poet preacher and his savage assailant were invited. Upon entering the house with Montgomery, he was told by his servant in a low tone that Mr. Horne was in his little writing-room. He, therefore, very coolly took the reverend rhymer into the room where Horne was alone, and introduced them to each other under the assumed names of Jones and Brown. Begging permission to be excused while he dressed for dinner, he left the two belligerents alone. When the door closed, Mr. Horne said: "Sir, as my name is not Jones, perhaps yours is not Brown."

"Certainly not," replied the divine, smiling. "I am the Rev. Robt. Montgomery."

"And I, sir, am Mr. Horne."

They looked at each other, broke into a fit of laughter, shook hands; and when their host came down, he found the Kilkenny cats, instead of having devoured each other up to their tails, laughing at the tales they had been entertaining each other with.

beautiful pair of eyes that watched him so eagerly as he went down the long street, or the bright face that leaned away out through the parted blinds, with such a wistful look, after he had disappeared, it might have been his turn to triumph.

In spite of Sophie's prophecy, twenty-four hours did not bring back Harry. Days matured into weeks, and still he did not come, nor in all that time did she see him. And now she began to think herself quite a martyr, and to act accordingly. In fact, she did as almost any human would have done under the circumstances—grew pale and interesting. Mamma began to suggest delicacies to tempt Sophie's palate—"the poor dear child was getting so thin!" In vain. Sophie protested that she had no appetite.

In vain papa brought dainty gifts and piled up costly dresses before his pet. A faint smile, or an abstracted "thank you," was his only recompense. If sister Kate suggested that Harry's absence was in any manner connected with her altered demeanor, Sophie would toss her ringlet head with an air of supreme indifference, and go away and cry over it, hours at a time. Everybody thought something was the matter with Sophie, Sophie amongst the rest.

Her suspense and penitence became insupportable at last. Sister Kate, who had come so near the true solution of the mystery, should know all—so said Sophie. Perhaps she could advise her what to do, for to give Harry up for ever seemed every day more and more of an impossibility.

"Will you come into the garden with me, Kate?" she asked, in trembling voice, of her sister one day, about a month after her trouble with Harry.

"I have something of importance to tell you."

"Go away, darling, and I will be with you in a few moments," replied Harry, casting a searching glance at Sophie's flushed cheeks and swollen eyes.

Running swiftly along the garden paths as if from fear of pursuit, Sophie turned aside into her favorite arbor, and flinging herself down on the low seat, buried her head among the cool, green leaves, and gave herself up to a paroxysm of passionate grief. Soon she heard steps approaching, and an arm was twined tenderly about her waist, and a warm hand laid caressingly on her drooped head.

"Oh, Kate, Kate," she cried in the agony of her remorse, "I am perfectly wretched. You don't know why, though you have come very near guessing two or three times. Harry and I—"

Here a convulsive sob interrupted her, and the hand upon her head passed over her disordered curls with a gentle, soothng motion.

"Harry and I"—another sob—"quarreled two or three weeks ago. I was willful and rude, just as it is natural for me to be, and he got angry. I don't think he is going to forgive me, for he hasn't been here since."

Sophie felt herself drawn in a closer embrace, and was sister Kate pitied her.

"I wouldn't have owned it to anybody if it hadn't been just as it is," she continued, rubbing her little white hands into her eyes; "but I think I love him almost as well as I do you and father and mother."

A kiss dropped on Sophie's glossy head, and tighter was she held. She wondered that Kate was so silent, but still she kept her face hidden in the folds of her sister's muslin dress.

"Harry and I"—another sob—"quarreled two or three weeks ago. I was willful and rude, just as it is natural for me to be, and he got angry. I don't think he is going to forgive me, for he hasn't been here since."

Sophie declared to this day, that she has never forgotten either of them, though she has been Mrs. Henry Ainslee nearly two years.

Mrs. CUNNINGHAM ADMITTED TO BAIL.—*Supreme Court.*—Before Judge Peabody.—In re Emma Augusta Burdell alias Cunningham, on writ of habeas corpus. The Judge read his opinion, which is of considerable length.—He recited the proceedings on the writ of *certiorari* before Judge Daly, the returns thereto by the warden of the city prison, and the charge against the prisoner of fraudulently producing an infant with the intent of defrauding the heirs of the late Harvey Burdell, who were lawfully entitled thereto. With respect to the decision of Judge Daly, adverse to the prisoner, he said: "All the facts do not appear on the returns, and such as were recited do not appear to warrant me in deciding that the case is *res judicata*.

I find also as part of the return that the motion made in the Court of Sessions, to admit the prisoner to bail, was denied. All these papers form part of the return to the writ of *habeas corpus* now before me.

The more appropriate office of the writ of *certiorari* is to ascertain whether the committing magistrate had proper jurisdiction.

On the part of the prisoner it is denied that either of the Judges referred to passed upon the question of bail, and I do not see any proof that they did. The question then comes up, is this a proper case for bail?

It is the right of society to have an accused person held for trial, and if found guilty for punishment.

Society should have all reasonable security for his or her appearance, and that is all society can require.

It is the right of the prisoner that surely should be taken for his personal appearance at the trial. That is the law of the land, and all that society can require. When security can be had for such appearance nothing more can be required.

The Judge took a review of the chances of the prisoner's conviction, of the moral grade of the offence, and of the probability of the effect of a sentence to the State prison on the mind of a woman, a doom upon which she must be supposed to look with horror.

The Judge then went over the facts and considered whether the fraud was so complete as to make the prisoner liable to the sentence of imprisonment at hard labor.

He considered that, if the fraudulent production was assumed, there was not evidence that it was with such intent as was necessary for the perfection of the crime.

We must then take into consideration her pecuniary means, her sex—which diminishes her power of escape, the certainty that, if convicted, she would be severely punished—the strict and severe ordeal to which she has been subjected by public opinion and the press; her children requiring her care and protection, and with all these considerations it would be not a little remarkable if no amount of bail should be sufficient to bring her to the bar of the court for trial.

The Judge then went over the facts and considered whether the fraud was so complete as to make the prisoner liable to the sentence of imprisonment at hard labor.

He considered that, if the fraudulent production was assumed, there was not evidence that it was with such intent as was necessary for the perfection of the crime.

We must then take into consideration her pecuniary means, her sex—which diminishes her power of escape, the certainty that, if convicted, she would be severely punished—the strict and severe ordeal to which she has been subjected by public opinion and the press; her children requiring her care and protection, and with all these considerations it would be not a little remarkable if no amount of bail should be sufficient to bring her to the bar of the court for trial.

The Judge then went over the facts and considered whether the fraud was so complete as to make the prisoner liable to the sentence of imprisonment at hard labor.

He considered that, if the fraudulent production was assumed, there was not evidence that it was with such

TRUNKS, BONNET BOXES, AND VALISES.
GREAT BARGAINS IN TRUNKS AT
J. H. McCleary's
NATIONAL TRUNK EMPORIUM,
Corner Main and Fourth sts., Louisville, Ky.

I would respectfully invite the attention of merchants and others visiting the city to my large and elegant assortment of TRUNKS, which I am prepared to offer at least TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT. LOWER than any other establishment in the city. My stock embraces a greater variety of Trunks than is kept by any other firm in the Western country. Many of the styles are entirely new, and cannot fail to please those in search of a Trunk having both service and quality. The manufacturers, in order to keep the other houses in the city, such as manufacturers, may be induced to offer lower prices, but I can assure you, &c., enable me to offer my trunks at much lower prices than any other establishment either in this city or Cincinnati. Merchants and others will be consulting their own interests by giving me a call before making their purchases. Orders promptly attended to. (May 26 d&w/cow&dbj)

H. J. LIPPEN,
Merchant Tailors,
 50 Main between Fifth and Sixth streets.

Are now opening a complete and seasonable stock of Cloths, Camisoles, and Overcoats in every shade of color and variety, and which they are prepared to manufacture to order on short notice in the latest and most approved styles and at their usual moderate prices.

Also a new and handsome assortment of GENTLE-
 MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS, comprising
 wigs, Linen, Bedding, Silk, and Woolen
 Under-Shirts and Drawers, black and fancy Crav-
 ats and Ties, Scarfs, Handkerchiefs, Neck Shawls, and
 everything pertaining to gentlemen's wear.

A new and elegant supply of READY-MADE CLOTH-
 ING, being their own manufacture, and which will com-
 pare favorably with any in this market. (May 26 d&w/cow&dbj)

A. J. HARRINGTON,
 No. 533 Market st., between First and Second sts.,
 Keeps constantly on hand the choicest brands of
Havana Cigars
 AND
 CHEWING TOBACCO,
 ALSO, SNUFF, PIPES, and SMOKING TOBACCO.
 A share of public patronage solicited. (May 26 d&w/cow&dbj)

National Fair.
 Persons who contemplate showing fine stock of any description at the approaching Fair will find everything done at the extensive SADDLERY and HARNESS ware-
 rooms of (May 26 d&w/cow&dbj)

VOGT & KLINK,
 MANUFACTURING JEWELERS and
 Wholesale Dealers in Watches, Clocks,
 and fine Jewelry, at Eastern Prices, No.
 52 Third street, near Market, Louisville, Ky.

Great care taken in setting Diamonds in all descriptions of jewelry, and done with dispatch.

N. B.—Watches and Jewelry repaired in a very superior manner. (May 26 d&w/cow&dbj)

COAL! COAL! COAL!
 NOW IS THE TIME
 TO LAY IN YOUR STOCK OF COAL FOR
 THE SEASON!

BEWARE OF A LOW RIVER, SHORT STOCK, AND
 HIGH PRICES!

WE have just received a supply of Coal from SYR-
 CUSE and GARDNER, which, with our regular
 supply of COAL, SUGAR, and SPLIT, make an
 assortment of COAL THE BEST IN THE CITY. Our prices are
 uniform and AS LOW AS THE LOWEST.

Office on Third street, opposite the Post-office.
 (May 26 d&w/cow&dbj)

BANKING HOUSE OF
HUTCHINGS & CO.,
 Corner of Main and Bullitt streets.

WE are receiving as our per cent. Tennessee currency the
 following Free State Banks:

MERCHANTS' BANK, Nashville; do;
 BANK OF NASHVILLE, do;
 CITY BANK, do;
 UNION COMMERCE, do;
 TRADERS' BANK, do;
 BANK OF CHATTANOOGA, Chattanooga;
 NORTHERN BANK, TENN., Clarksville;
 413 Main & D&C HUTCHINGS & CO.

REMOVAL.
 We have removed our FINISHING and
 PLAIN WARE-ROOMS to the corner of Main
 and Sixth streets, Reynold's new
 block.

Entrance on Main street, also on Sixth, in rear of
 Factory corner of Fourteenth and Main streets.
 (May 26 d&w/cow&dbj)

PETERS, CRAGG, & CO.,
 PIANO-FORTE MANUFACTURERS.

Having increased our facilities, we are
 now enabled to turn out from ten to twelve
 Pianos per week. We would respectfully
 inform our wholesale and retail pur-
 chasers that we have at all times been able to supply the
 increased demand for our instruments.

As regards the merits of our Pianos we would respectfully
 refer to the fact, for the last five years, we HAVE EX-
 CEIVED THE HIGHEST AWARDS when placed in competition with
 the Premium Pianos of New York and Boston, and
 Finishing and Piano Warehouses corner of Main and
 Sixth streets.

Factory corner of Fourteenth and Main streets.
 (May 26 d&w/cow&dbj)

FLETCHER & BENNETT,
 THE best display of
 fine Silverware and Fancy Goods
 is at the store of FLETCHER &
 BENNETT, 463 Main street, where strangers and citizens
 are invited to call and examine our assortment of fine
 Gold and Silver, Lever Watches, fine Jewelry, Silver
 Spoons, Forks, Plates, Golds, &c., of the most
 fashionable style and at the lowest prices.
 (May 26 d&w/cow&dbj)

GENT'S FINE CALF, KIP, AND THICK BOOTS
 just received from the manufacturer and for sale cheap
 for men at
 OWEN & WOOD'S Shoe Emporium.

THE best display of
 fine Silverware and Fancy Goods
 is at the store of FLETCHER &
 BENNETT, 463 Main street, where strangers and citizens
 are invited to call and examine our assortment of fine
 Gold and Silver, Lever Watches, fine Jewelry, Silver
 Spoons, Forks, Plates, Golds, &c., of the most
 fashionable style and at the lowest prices.
 (May 26 d&w/cow&dbj)

HAYES, CRAIG, & CO.
 SOFT HATS FOR GENTS—something extra fine, just
 received at the fashionable hat establishment of
 RATHER, SMITH & CO., 455 Main street.

FORTY PIANO-FORTES.
 JUST arrived, the largest and per-
 fect instruments ever exhibited in this city,
 by one of our firms from the factor-
 ies of Steinway & Son;
 Hallett, Davis, & Co.;
 A. & J. Keck;
 Grosvenor & Tunstall;
 A. H. Gale & Co.;

And the other favorite manufacturers. All fully warrant-
 ed and sold at the lowest Eastern prices, wholesale and re-
 tail, by D. P. FAULDS & CO., Importers and
 Dealers in Piano-Fortes and Musical Goods, 455 Main,
 52 Main & D&C.

NEW AND VERY ATTRACTIVE STOCK
 OF FINE & STAPLE DRY GOODS,

Including all grades in the finer order of

CARPETING,
 FLOOR OIL-CLOTHS,

Of all widths,

CURTAIN MATERIAL, &c., &c.,

Just received by C. DUVALL & CO.,
 537 Main street.

WE take pleasure in calling the attention of strangers
 and citizens to our large and varied stock in the above
 goods, confident it will be found equal in extent and variety
 to any in the country. Each of our departments is
 under the personal supervision, secured to purchasers
 a full equivalent.

C. DUVALL & CO., Main st.,
 Opposite Bank of Kentucky.

SILVER WARE at WM. KENDRICK'S
 71 THIRD STREET, LOUISVILLE.

My stock of Silver Ware is now unusually full,
 having just made large additions, most of which are
 made to order, and all warranted good as to
 style, and workmanship. Call and examine
 for yourself.

Old Silver taken in Exchange. (May 26 d&w/cow&dbj)

FALL FASHION FOR 1857.
 On Saturday next, each inst., we will introduce to
 the public our Louisville Fall Fashion for 1857, also
 on same day New York, Philadelphia, and Paris
 styles for 1857.

PRATHER, SMITH & CO.,
 455 Main street.

TO-DAY the elegant Fall Style of Dress Hats
 will be introduced by the manufacturers, Hayes,
 CRAIG, & CO., who have taken the premium at the
 World's Fair. They have no superiors, and but
 few equals, as Hatters. (May 26 d&w/cow&dbj)

BOERHAVE'S

HOLLAND BITTERS



THE CELEBRATED HOLLAND REMEDY FOR

DYSPEPSIA,

DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS,

LIVER COMPLAINT,

WEAKNESS OF ANY KIND

FEVER AND AGUE,

And the various affections consequent upon a disorder

STOMACH OR LIVER,

Such as Inflammation of the Stomach, Colic, Pains,

Heartburn, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Convul-

tions, Blind and Bleeding Piles. In all Nervous, Rheu-

matic, and Neuralgic Affections, it has in numerous instances, proved highly beneficial, and in others effected a decided cure.

It is a purely vegetable compound, prepared on strictly

scientific principles, after the manner of the celebrated

Holland Professor, Boerhave. Because of its great success

in most of the European States, its introduction into the

United States was intended more especially for use of

our citizens, who are at all times subject to the effects of

this mighty remedy. Meeting with great success among them, I now offer it to the American public, knowing that its truly wonderful medicinal virtues must be acknowledged.

It is particularly recommended to those persons whose

constitutions may have been impaired by the continuous

use of ardent spirits, or other forms of dissipation. Gener-

ally instantaneous in its effect, it finds its way directly to the

seat of life, thrilling and quickening every nerve, raising

the drooping spirit, and, in fact, infusing new health

and vigor into the system.

NOTICE.—Whoever expects to find this a beverage will be disappointed; but to the sick, weak, and low spirited it

will prove a grateful aromatic cordial, possessed of singular

remedial properties.

CAUTION.

The great popularity of this delightful Aroma has induced many persons, which the public should guard against.

Be particularly recommended to those persons whose

constitutions may have been impaired by the continuous

use of ardent spirits, or other forms of dissipation. Gener-

ally instantaneous in its effect, it finds its way directly to the

seat of life, thrilling and quickening every nerve, raising

the drooping spirit, and, in fact, infusing new health

and vigor into the system.

NOTICE.—Whoever expects to find this a beverage will be disappointed; but to the sick, weak, and low spirited it

will prove a grateful aromatic cordial, possessed of singular

remedial properties.

DISPLAY

of

Fashionable Jewelry and

Fine Gold Watches,

AT

RAMSEY & BROTHER'S,

No. 483 Main street.

Their house is filled with rich and elegant goods in their line just received for the Fairs. (May 26 d&w/cow&dbj)

WATCHES BY EXPRESS.

My stock of Gold and Silver Watches is now very complete, an additional supply having just been received by express.

I think an examination of them will prove more satisfactory to those who have seen a description in print. Call at 239 Main street. (May 26 d&w/cow&dbj)

WM. KENDRICK'S, 71 Third st.

BOY'S SOFT HATS AND CLOTH AND VELVET CAPS, Fall styles, just received by

PRATHER, SMITH & CO., 455 Main street.

THE LADIES will find the handsomest stock of Riding Hats ever seen now at HAYES, CRAIG, & CO.'s, whose taste is unrivaled in that line of goods. (May 26 d&w/cow&dbj)

PRATHER, SMITH & CO., 455 Main street, introduce their Fall style Dress Hats this day. (May 26 d&w/cow&dbj)

COUNTRY MERCHANTS will please bear in mind that everything we are at all detable in the Hat and Cap line can be had of HAYES, CRAIG, & CO. (May 26 d&w/cow&dbj)

SOFT HATS FOR GENTS—something extra fine, just received at the fashionable hat establishment of RATHER, SMITH & CO., 455 Main street. (May 26 d&w/cow&dbj)

FASHIONABLE FANCY FANS—just received by express

from the factory of J. L. LEMON & CO., 455 Main street. (May 26 d&w/cow&dbj)

FINE WATCHES.

RICH AND BEAUTIFUL JEWELRY—NATURAL STYLES—SILVER AND PLATED STYLES—SILVER AND PLATED PLATES, the above goods in every shape, and

many new and beautiful styles of Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, of every description, and the best quality. We would invite special attention to our stock. (May 26 d&w/cow&dbj)

JAS. L. LEMON & CO., 455 Main street.

WE have lately received a large lot of Watches, also

Ladies' Gold and Silver Jewelry, and a few pieces of

Gold and Silver Jewelry, and a few pieces of

Gold and Silver Jewelry, and a few pieces of

Gold and Silver Jewelry, and a few pieces of

Gold and Silver Jewelry, and a few pieces of

Gold and Silver Jewelry, and a few pieces of

Gold and Silver Jewelry, and a few pieces of

Gold and Silver Jewelry, and a few pieces of

Gold and Silver Jewelry, and a few pieces of

EVENING BULLETIN.

For the Louisville Journal
MINERAL RESOURCES OF SOUTHEASTERN MISSOURI.

MESSRS. EDITORS: In my last I promised you another article on the mineral resources of this great mineral region. I have since visited the celebrated Iron Mountain, and will now proceed to give your readers some account of the

IRON MOUNTAINS OF MISSOURI.
I say *mountains* instead of *mountain*, for such is really the case. Persons not well acquainted with the country or the geography of it generally suppose that there is one, which they find on the map. The Pilot Knob is on the map, just south of the Iron Mountain, but are not aware that there is also a great *mountain* of iron ore, as it really is. There are at least *five* of these iron mountains, of which I will give some description here, beginning with the

IRON MOUNTAIN.

This is situated in the southwestern part of St. Francois county. It is about 1½ miles by land, and 2 miles by water, about 10 miles from the base, which is 200 feet high above the valleys on each side at the greatest elevation, rising gradually from the base to the greatest summit. It is not covered with stunted shrubbery, as is generally supposed, but with *trees*, as large and the thickest on the one hill, and smaller and thinner around, these being placed here and there between the loose pieces and masses of ore to support them in their growth. The whole of this mountain is one immense mass or collection of iron ore, of the purest quality known anywhere in the world. The surface is almost everywhere covered with iron, in small pieces of various sizes for handling, being almost "as thick as they can stick," like the loose stones on a rocky hill, while the interior consists of it in immense masses, rendering blasting necessary. Specimens are frequently to be met with which yield 50 per cent of pure iron, specimens of which will yield as high as 50 per cent of pure iron. An idea of its richness may be formed when I state that at Valley Forge, about 3 miles east of Farmington, in St. Francois county, where the ore is used in manufacturing bloomers, it can be made directly from it, without having first to be reduced to a large mass, and then to be pig iron as usual with iron ore. This I witnessed myself. And I have heard of pieces of this ore having been drawn out into the *maileable* iron in a common smith's forge! But this is rare. It is so rich however, that it yields 50 per cent, on an average in the iron it contains, here and there, and it is said, and I have only heard of it, that it is as rich as 50 per cent of pure iron. The iron made from it is of the best quality. Such is the immense quantity of ore on and in this mountain, that notwithstanding the consumption of it by two furnaces for 10 years, and by another for 5 years, there is still remaining a large quantity, which still continues, *no perceptible impression has been made even upon the loose ore lying upon the surface, which is generally used, as it saves the blasting and breaking of it up where in masses, as that below the surface in the interior of the mountain.* It is about 10 miles in circumference, and is known to a depth of 60 or 70 feet in boring for water and the ore found to continue. It has been said that there is iron ore enough in this mountain to last the world for all time to come; and indeed it looks like it. But great as this quantity is, it is at best a small portion of it in this region of country. We come next to the

PILLOT KNOB.

This lies about seven miles south of the Iron Mountain, in a new country, laid off by a recent act of the Legislature of Missouri, with the appropriate name of Iron County. This is a high, rocky, knobby, *knob*, from its peculiar form, and from its serving as a pilot to ships in traversing the country in its early settlement, as will be seen when we describe it. It is a more interesting object to the tourist than the Mountain. It is about two miles in circumference, and is very steep and precipitous, sometimes in the shape of a cone or mountain, and to the height of about 600 feet above the level of the valley, and is surrounded by immense masses of iron ore, or a mixture of rock and ore, resembling in appearance at a distance the ruins of some ancient, ruined or feudal castle of Europe, with its towers, and walls, and gables, and turrets, and windows, with stunted and scattering vines and shrubs growing on the crevices. The views from the top of the tallest of these rocks are picturesque, grand, and extensive on all sides. On one side it is said that a view of 10 miles can be had. This knob also has a cast made of iron ore, of the same rich quality as that of the mountain, but it is not so great a per cent. It gives from the furnace about 50 per cent, which is almost double that of ordinary iron ore, which is considered excellent if it will yield 30 per cent. It takes about 75 pounds of iron ore to 50 lbs. of iron. There is but little iron scattered on the surface, and is derived from the top of the knob for the furnaces by blasting and carried down to them on a little railway, constructed for the purpose. There are two furnaces which have been in operation about eight years, and have as yet made no perceptible impression upon the surface, but a part of it is represented as being of a whitish appearance and of rather a brittle texture. It is too much of what is termed the "cold short" character. It is said to make splendid steel, and will no doubt become most valuable for this purpose. In fact, the ore might almost be termed *steel ore*, instead of iron ore, for a good deal of *steel* in it, which renders it more difficult to smelt and causes it to yield a less per cent. So much for the Pilot Knob.

SHEPHERD'S MOUNTAIN.

This is another great *mountain* mass of iron ore, lying west of the Pilot Knob, and just across "Shepherd's Valley" from it. It is of an oblong shape, east and west, about four miles in circumference at the base, and rises 600 feet above the surface. The ore lies mostly below the surface. The ore lies mostly below the surface, and is equally as pure and rich as that of the preceding place. There is no furnace attached to this mountain; but a good deal of the ore has been mined and used in the Pilot Knob furnaces.

To the southwest of the Knob, at about 6 miles distance, lies

RUSSELL'S MOUNTAIN.

which is another great *mountain* mass of iron ore equally as good, but which I did not have time to visit; while to the northeast, at about the same distance from the Pilot Knob, lies

ANOTHER MOUNTAIN, the name of which I could not learn, if, indeed, it has any, and which, also, I had not time to visit. There are no furnaces at either of these.

Here, then, in the same region of country, are five great iron mountains, composed of this rich ore, of unknown depths; while, as I have been informed, westward of it there are no mountains. We may say, with confidence, that there is iron ore enough in these mountains alone, to last the world all future time, for every purpose for which iron is used! And, with these immense, inexhaustible beds of iron ore, and with all the means, facilities, and advantages for smelting and reducing iron, and making it into *steel*, why, we ask, are we *dependent* on Europe for *railroad iron*? Whenever a railroad is to be built, some one has to be sent there to procure the iron for it; and thus millions of dollars are annually sent out of the country, to be written in some paper of the New York Times. I believe that the New York Central Railroad Company had ascertained that they could manufacture their own railroad iron, or have it manufactured, at a cost of nearly one-half of what they could procure it from England for! Does not this show that it is not only practicable to make it at home, but cheaper, and that by a *considerable* half?

All that is wanting is, for a few men of enterprise and sufficient capital to engage in the business and give it a start; and there is plenty of unemployed capital that could be profitably employed.

The greatest difficulty to be contended with, in making the iron ore of Southern Missouri into the metal, and reducing that to a malleable state, is that of the scarcity of fuel. In consequence of the rocky character of the country, it is generally but sparsely timbered, and sufficiently for this purpose. The *Missouri* and *St. Louis* Railroad will greatly increase the facilities for getting the metal and ore to market, as well as those for procuring the necessary fuel.

The road is now in a great state of forwardness in the neighborhood of the Mountain and Pilot Knob, the grading being nearly finished, and the timber nearly all ready to be laid down for the iron. If in the same state of completion along all the line, to St. Louis, it will not be long before we have a road, and a river, and a railroad, and a means of transport for the metal and ore, and a market for the iron ore. The *Missouri* and *St. Louis* Railroad, which will terminate at the Pilot Knob, will greatly increase the facilities for getting the metal and ore to market, as well as those for procuring the necessary fuel.

Mr. F. L. Farnum, Co., Mo., Sept. 2, 1857.

A sad affair!—A noted house of ill-repute, on Market street, was searched on Saturday by the police, and from it was taken Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor, the wife of Mr. Robert Taylor, doing business on Seventh street, below Chestnut, by a warrant granted by Ald. Eneu, upon complaint of the husband.

Mrs. T. is a person of prepossessing appearance and by no means inelegant manners. She was taken from the above place at about six o'clock in the morning, and committed to prison in default of bail. She was subsequently released. On Sunday evening the unhappy woman went on board the ferry-boat Mary, plowing to Camden, and, when midway across the river, plunged overboard. With great difficulty she was rescued, and taken in charge by some persons residing across the river.

Philadelphia, Monday.

LADIES' RIDING HATS just received at 455 Main st. by (138 & b) PRATHER, SMITH, & CO.

PALM LEAF FANS—3 cases small Palm Fans received and for sale at W. W. TALBOT'S, 94 Fourth st.

HIGHEST PREMIUM FOOT AND SHOE POLISH kept constantly on hand by OWEN & WOOD.

Philadelphia, Monday.

For the Louisville Journal

MINERAL RESOURCES OF SOUTHEASTERN MISSOURI.

MESSRS. EDITORS: In my last I promised you another article on the mineral resources of this great mineral region. I have since visited the celebrated Iron Mountain, and will now proceed to give your readers some account of the

IRON MOUNTAINS OF MISSOURI.

I say *mountains* instead of *mountain*, for such is really the case. Persons not well acquainted with the country or the geography of it generally suppose that there is one, which they find on the map. The Pilot Knob is on the map, just south of the Iron Mountain, but are not aware that there is also a great *mountain* of iron ore, as it really is. There are at least *five* of these iron mountains, of which I will give some description here, beginning with the

IRON MOUNTAIN.

This is situated in the southwestern part of St. Francois county. It is about 1½ miles by land, and 2 miles by water, about 10 miles from the base, which is 200 feet high above the valleys on each side at the greatest elevation, rising gradually from the base to the greatest summit. It is not covered with stunted shrubbery, as is generally supposed, but with *trees*, as large and the thickest on the one hill, and smaller and thinner around, these being placed here and there between the loose pieces and masses of ore to support them in their growth. The whole of this mountain is one immense mass or collection of iron ore, of the purest quality known anywhere in the world. The surface is almost everywhere covered with iron, in small pieces of various sizes for handling, being almost "as thick as they can stick," like the loose stones on a rocky hill, while the interior consists of it in immense masses, rendering blasting necessary. Specimens are frequently to be met with which yield 50 per cent of pure iron, specimens of which will yield as high as 50 per cent of pure iron. An idea of its richness may be formed when I state that at Valley Forge, about 3 miles east of Farmington, in St. Francois county, where the ore is used in manufacturing bloomers, it can be made directly from it, without having first to be reduced to a large mass, and then to be pig iron as usual with iron ore. This I witnessed myself. And I have heard of pieces of this ore having been drawn out into the *maileable* iron in a common smith's forge! But this is rare. It is so rich however, that it yields 50 per cent, on an average in the iron it contains, here and there, and it is said, and I have only heard of it, that it is as rich as 50 per cent of pure iron. The iron made from it is of the best quality. Such is the immense quantity of ore on and in this mountain, that notwithstanding the consumption of it by two furnaces for 10 years, and by another for 5 years, there is still remaining a large quantity, which still continues, *no perceptible impression has been made even upon the loose ore lying upon the surface, which is generally used, as it saves the blasting and breaking of it up where in masses, as that below the surface in the interior of the mountain.* It is about two miles in circumference, and is very steep and precipitous, sometimes in the shape of a cone or mountain, and to the height of about 600 feet above the level of the valley, and is surrounded by immense masses of iron ore, or a mixture of rock and ore, resembling in appearance at a distance the ruins of some ancient, ruined or feudal castle of Europe, with its towers, and walls, and gables, and turrets, and windows, with stunted and scattering vines and shrubs growing on the crevices. The views from the top of the tallest of these rocks are picturesque, grand, and extensive on all sides. On one side it is said that a view of 10 miles can be had. This knob also has a cast made of iron ore, of the same rich quality as that of the mountain, but it is not so great a per cent. It gives from the furnace about 50 per cent, which is almost double that of ordinary iron ore, which is considered excellent if it will yield 30 per cent. It takes about 75 pounds of iron ore to 50 lbs. of iron. There is but little iron scattered on the surface, and is derived from the top of the knob for the furnaces by blasting and carried down to them on a little railway, constructed for the purpose. There are two furnaces which have been in operation about eight years, and have as yet made no perceptible impression upon the surface, but a part of it is represented as being of a whitish appearance and of rather a brittle texture. It is too much of what is termed the "cold short" character. It is said to make splendid steel, and will no doubt become most valuable for this purpose. In fact, the ore might almost be termed *steel ore*, instead of iron ore, for a good deal of *steel* in it, which renders it more difficult to smelt and causes it to yield a less per cent. So much for the Pilot Knob.

PILLOT KNOB.

This lies about seven miles south of the Iron Mountain, in a new country, laid off by a recent act of the Legislature of Missouri, with the appropriate name of Iron County. This is a high, rocky, knobby, *knob*, from its peculiar form, and from its serving as a pilot to ships in traversing the country in its early settlement, as will be seen when we describe it. It is a more interesting object to the tourist than the Mountain. It is about two miles in circumference, and is very steep and precipitous, sometimes in the shape of a cone or mountain, and to the height of about 600 feet above the level of the valley, and is surrounded by immense masses of iron ore, or a mixture of rock and ore, resembling in appearance at a distance the ruins of some ancient, ruined or feudal castle of Europe, with its towers, and walls, and gables, and turrets, and windows, with stunted and scattering vines and shrubs growing on the crevices. The views from the top of the tallest of these rocks are picturesque, grand, and extensive on all sides. On one side it is said that a view of 10 miles can be had. This knob also has a cast made of iron ore, of the same rich quality as that of the mountain, but it is not so great a per cent. It gives from the furnace about 50 per cent, which is almost double that of ordinary iron ore, which is considered excellent if it will yield 30 per cent. It takes about 75 pounds of iron ore to 50 lbs. of iron. There is but little iron scattered on the surface, and is derived from the top of the knob for the furnaces by blasting and carried down to them on a little railway, constructed for the purpose. There are two furnaces which have been in operation about eight years, and have as yet made no perceptible impression upon the surface, but a part of it is represented as being of a whitish appearance and of rather a brittle texture. It is too much of what is termed the "cold short" character. It is said to make splendid steel, and will no doubt become most valuable for this purpose. In fact, the ore might almost be termed *steel ore*, instead of iron ore, for a good deal of *steel* in it, which renders it more difficult to smelt and causes it to yield a less per cent. So much for the Pilot Knob.

ANOTHER MOUNTAIN.

This lies about seven miles south of the Iron Mountain, in a new country, laid off by a recent act of the Legislature of Missouri, with the appropriate name of Iron County. This is a high, rocky, knobby, *knob*, from its peculiar form, and from its serving as a pilot to ships in traversing the country in its early settlement, as will be seen when we describe it. It is a more interesting object to the tourist than the Mountain. It is about two miles in circumference, and is very steep and precipitous, sometimes in the shape of a cone or mountain, and to the height of about 600 feet above the level of the valley, and is surrounded by immense masses of iron ore, or a mixture of rock and ore, resembling in appearance at a distance the ruins of some ancient, ruined or feudal castle of Europe, with its towers, and walls, and gables, and turrets, and windows, with stunted and scattering vines and shrubs growing on the crevices. The views from the top of the tallest of these rocks are picturesque, grand, and extensive on all sides. On one side it is said that a view of 10 miles can be had. This knob also has a cast made of iron ore, of the same rich quality as that of the mountain, but it is not so great a per cent. It gives from the furnace about 50 per cent, which is almost double that of ordinary iron ore, which is considered excellent if it will yield 30 per cent. It takes about 75 pounds of iron ore to 50 lbs. of iron. There is but little iron scattered on the surface, and is derived from the top of the knob for the furnaces by blasting and carried down to them on a little railway, constructed for the purpose. There are two furnaces which have been in operation about eight years, and have as yet made no perceptible impression upon the surface, but a part of it is represented as being of a whitish appearance and of rather a brittle texture. It is too much of what is termed the "cold short" character. It is said to make splendid steel, and will no doubt become most valuable for this purpose. In fact, the ore might almost be termed *steel ore*, instead of iron ore, for a good deal of *steel* in it, which renders it more difficult to smelt and causes it to yield a less per cent. So much for the Pilot Knob.

ANOTHER MOUNTAIN.

This lies about seven miles south of the Iron Mountain, in a new country, laid off by a recent act of the Legislature of Missouri, with the appropriate name of Iron County. This is a high, rocky, knobby, *knob*, from its peculiar form, and from its serving as a pilot to ships in traversing the country in its early settlement, as will be seen when we describe it. It is a more interesting object to the tourist than the Mountain. It is about two miles in circumference, and is very steep and precipitous, sometimes in the shape of a cone or mountain, and to the height of about 600 feet above the level of the valley, and is surrounded by immense masses of iron ore, or a mixture of rock and ore, resembling in appearance at a distance the ruins of some ancient, ruined or feudal castle of Europe, with its towers, and walls, and gables, and turrets, and windows, with stunted and scattering vines and shrubs growing on the crevices. The views from the top of the tallest of these rocks are picturesque, grand, and extensive on all sides. On one side it is said that a view of 10 miles can be had. This knob also has a cast made of iron ore, of the same rich quality as that of the mountain, but it is not so great a per cent. It gives from the furnace about 50 per cent, which is almost double that of ordinary iron ore, which is considered excellent if it will yield 30 per cent. It takes about 75 pounds of iron ore to 50 lbs. of iron. There is but little iron scattered on the surface, and is derived from the top of the knob for the furnaces by blasting and carried down to them on a little railway, constructed for the purpose. There are two furnaces which have been in operation about eight years, and have as yet made no perceptible impression upon the surface, but a part of it is represented as being of a whitish appearance and of rather a brittle texture. It is too much of what is termed the "cold short" character. It is said to make splendid steel, and will no doubt become most valuable for this purpose. In fact, the ore might almost be termed *steel ore*, instead of iron ore, for a good deal of *steel* in it, which renders it more difficult to smelt and causes it to yield a less per cent. So much for the Pilot Knob.

ANOTHER MOUNTAIN.

This lies about seven miles south of the Iron Mountain, in a new country, laid off by a recent act of the Legislature of Missouri, with the appropriate name of Iron County. This is a high, rocky, knobby, *knob*, from its peculiar form, and from its serving as a pilot to ships in traversing the country in its early settlement, as will be seen when we describe it. It is a more interesting object to the tourist than the Mountain. It is about two miles in circumference, and is very steep and precipitous, sometimes in the shape of a cone or mountain, and to the height of about 600 feet above the level of the valley, and is surrounded by immense masses of iron ore, or a mixture of rock and ore, resembling in appearance at a distance the ruins of some ancient, ruined or feudal castle of Europe, with its towers, and walls, and gables, and turrets, and windows, with stunted and scattering vines and shrubs growing on the crevices. The views from the top of the tallest of these rocks are picturesque, grand, and extensive on all sides. On one side it is said that a view of 10 miles can be had. This knob also has a cast made of iron ore, of the same rich quality as that of the mountain, but it is not so great a per cent. It gives from the furnace about 50 per cent, which is almost double that of ordinary iron ore, which is considered excellent if it will yield 30 per cent. It takes about 75 pounds of iron ore to 50 lbs. of iron. There is but little iron scattered on the surface, and is derived from the top of the knob for the furnaces by blasting and carried down to them on a little railway, constructed for the purpose. There are two furnaces which have been in operation about eight years, and have as yet made no perceptible impression upon the surface, but a part of it is represented as being of a whitish appearance and of rather a brittle texture. It is too much of what is termed the "cold short" character. It is said to make splendid steel, and will no doubt become most valuable for this purpose. In fact, the ore might almost be termed *steel ore*, instead of iron ore, for a good deal of *steel* in it, which renders it more difficult to smelt and causes it to yield a less per cent. So much for the Pilot Knob.

ANOTHER MOUNTAIN.

This lies about seven miles south of the Iron Mountain, in a new country, laid off by a recent act of the Legislature of Missouri, with the appropriate name of Iron County. This is a high, rocky, knobby, *knob*, from its peculiar form, and from its serving as a pilot to ships in traversing the country in its early settlement, as will be seen when we describe it. It is a more interesting object to the tourist than the Mountain. It is about two miles in circumference, and is very steep and precipitous, sometimes in the shape of a cone or mountain, and to the height of about 600 feet above the level of the valley, and is surrounded by immense masses of iron ore, or a mixture of rock and ore, resembling in appearance at a distance the ruins of some ancient, ruined or feudal castle of Europe, with its towers, and walls, and gables, and turrets, and windows, with stunted and scattering vines and shrubs growing on the crevices. The views from the top of the tallest of these rocks are picturesque, grand, and extensive on all sides. On one side it is said that a view of 10 miles can be had. This knob also has a cast made of iron ore, of the same rich quality as that of the mountain, but it is not so great a per cent. It gives from the furnace about 50 per cent, which is almost double that of ordinary iron ore, which is considered excellent if it will yield 30 per cent. It takes about 75 pounds of iron ore to 50 lbs. of iron. There is but little iron scattered on the surface, and is derived from the top of the knob for the furnaces by blasting and carried down to them on a little railway, constructed for the purpose. There are two furnaces which have been in operation about eight years, and have as yet made no perceptible impression upon the surface, but a part of it is represented as being of a whitish appearance and of rather a brittle texture. It is too much of what is termed the "cold short" character. It is said to make splendid steel, and will no doubt become most valuable for this purpose. In fact, the ore might almost be termed *steel ore*, instead of iron ore, for a good deal of *steel* in it, which renders it more difficult to smelt and causes it to yield a less per cent. So much for the Pilot Knob.

ANOTHER MOUNTAIN.

This lies about seven miles south of the Iron Mountain, in a